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# En Memoriam.





"Precious in the sight of the Lord  
is the death of His saints."





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## Elizabeth P. Savage.

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MS. ELIZABETH PRUDDEN SAVAGE, the daughter of Ephraim P. and Laura Porter Prudden, and granddaughter of Rev. Nehemiah Prudden, was born in Enfield, Conn., August 24, 1824, where she resided until after the death of her father in 1836. She then removed to Upper Middleton (now Cromwell), Conn., where she made her home in the family of her uncle and aunt, Rev. and Mrs. Zebulon Crocker. She received her education in the academy, at Cromwell, and in Miss Comstock's Ladies' Seminary, at New Haven, subsequently teaching for a year in this seminary.

At the early age of fourteen years, she united with the Congregational Church, in Cromwell, of which she was a faithful and beloved member.

She was married September 28, 1847, to Rev. G. S. F. Savage, on the day of his ordination as a home missionary, and the next day accompanied him as a bride to seek a field of labor in the West.

After a few weeks of residence in Chicago, Ill., she went with her husband to St. Charles, Ill., where, under appointment of the American Home Missionary Society, his ministerial work began. In a residence of twelve years there, she greatly endeared herself to all by a life fragrant with manifold Christian graces, and an unselfish and unwearied devotion to all the duties of a pastor's wife. Her gentle, refined and courteous manners—her winsome, generous and hospitable spirit, made her home peculiarly attractive to all classes in the parish; and not less so to the many friends and strangers whom she entertained, and to whose comfort she gladly ministered for their own, and for Jesus' sake. The deep and abiding interest which she manifested in the spiritual welfare of her parishioners, and her prayerful and conscientious fidelity in meeting every responsibility, have left a lasting impression for good upon many hearts and lives, to whom her life was an inspiration and a joy.

In 1860 she returned with her husband to Chicago, and entered most heartily into all his plans and labors, at first as Western secretary of the American Tract Society, of Boston, and afterwards as secretary and treasurer of the Chicago Theological Seminary.

Connecting herself with the New England Congregational Church, by her active and intelligent interest in all the work of the church; by her

constant attendance upon all its services ; by fidelity as a teacher in the Sunday-school ; and by an exemplary Christian life, she made herself useful and beloved by all its members.

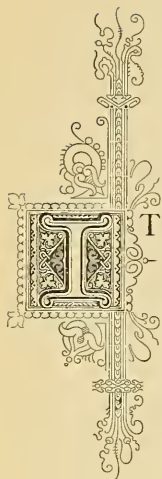
Last July she was attacked with typhoid fever, and after a severe and very painful illness of more than seven months, which she endured with remarkable Christian patience and resignation, she fell asleep in Jesus on the evening of February 24, 1886, aged sixty-one years and six months.

The funeral services were attended February 27th, at the residence of Mr. Gurdon S. Hubbard, and at the New England church. They were conducted by her pastor, Rev. Arthur Little, D. D., assisted by Prof. F. W. Fisk, D. D., and Rev. Dr. J. E. Roy, in the presence of a large congregation, who by their attendance and beautiful floral offerings testified to the large place which she had secured in the esteem and love of her many friends.

Her body, precious and beautiful even in death, as having been the "temple of the Holy Ghost," was borne from the church to Graceland Cemetery, as its last resting place ; Deacons E. W. Blatchford, C. F. Gates and A. L. Coe, of the New England church, Prof. S. Ives Curtis, D. D., of the Chicago Theological Seminary, and Rev. Drs. J. E. Roy and S. J. Humphrey acting as pall-bearers. She rests from her labors, and her works do follow her.

Address of Rev. Arthur Little, D.D.

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It was my privilege on last Lord's day, to stand in a pulpit from which the man of God, after his day's labors were done, was suddenly caught up to be with Christ in glory. There were in that sanctuary no visible emblems of mourning other than an unwonted hush and stillness in the assemblage that betokened sorrow—no drapery of black, no broken shaft, no suggestion of an unfinished life. In front of the pulpit were some palm branches which spoke a significant language; while over the exact place where, for so many years, Dr. Goodell had stood to proclaim the gospel of eternal life, hung suspended by an invisible thread a beautiful crown.

There had been a coronation in that place a few days before—one had been crowned a king and priest unto God, and was henceforth to live and to reign with Him forever. To stand in that hallowed place was like being on the mount of transfiguration. Concomitants similar to those, it seems to me, would very appropriately befit this place and occasion.



For here, too, one of God's dear children has been crowned with a crown of glory which fadeth not away, and we are present, not so much to weep, as to share in the joy of the coronation.

Occasions like this, have, indeed, two sides—an earthward and a heavenward side, like the pillar of cloud and of fire, one dark, the other light. To those who remain longer in the valley, in the noise and dust of the conflict, dark; to the one who has fought the good fight and touched the conquering heights, light.

“ For they who with their Leader  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white.”

And these comforting words of scripture find fulfillment:

“ Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.”  
“ Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.”

We can, therefore, hardly refrain from lifting our hearts to God in a song of thankfulness and praise that the sufferings, so long and patiently borne, are at length ended and coveted rest secured.

Since the middle of last July, the question has come, almost every day, from many loving hearts, “How is Mrs. Savage to-day?” only to meet the not very assuring response, “Not much change.” “About the same.” And so summer turned to

autumn, autumn ripened into winter, and winter almost touched the confines of spring, while the pain, weariness and vacillations in condition, continued without ever giving any very substantial ground of hope that she would be restored.

And since this has been the way, chosen by Him whose thoughts are not our thoughts and whose ways are not our ways, of preparing this life for heaven, it *must* be the *best way*, and we rejoice that she is not longer permitted to suffer, but, having been perfected by suffering, to enter into rest.

Well might this sentiment have found an echo in her heart :

“ If thou, O Death, a being art, draw near,  
And let me clasp thee, for I hold thee dear,  
I shall extort eternal life from thee.  
Thou canst but snatch this worn-out dress from me.”

Those who have known Mrs. Savage intimately could not help seeing that she had been gradually ripening through the years, rapidly, during these later months, for this change. The end of her life was consonant with the beginning. The subsequent development lay hidden potentially in the germ. Her character, through all the years, was just what might have been anticipated from her ancestry and early history.

It is a well known fact that much of the sturdiest, noblest character that has enriched New England

and the country has come more or less remotely from the families of clergymen, who were, indeed, the nobility of New England in the earlier days.

The grandfather of Mrs. Savage was a well-known and influential minister for many years in the town of her nativity. She was thus in the line of an honored and godly ancestry. The early death of her father furnished the occasion for the cultivation of a self-reliant spirit, and may have given impulse and earnestness to her preparation for her life-work.

It is evidence of her high aim and consecrated purpose in life that she shared the enthusiasm of her husband in his desire to engage in home missionary work in the West, and, as a bride, accompanied him to St. Charles, this State, where their life-work began. A journey to a home missionary field upon the prairie has been the wedding tour of many brave young hearts.

The life and labors of a minister's wife are so interwoven and identified with those of her husband as scarcely to admit of separate mention. It is frequently enough his own feeling, and often that of the people, that any success in the parish is quite as much due to her as to him. Her influence, though more quiet and unobtrusive than his, is often quite as potential and productive of good. She bears burdens, silently and without complaint, of which he knows nothing. Her fine insight and

swift and subtle intuitions, outrunning his slower judgments, make her an almost unerring guide to him in his actions. She better than he understands the conditions and combinations and possible contingencies which exist in a parish, and is able to indicate the way of safety and success. She is indeed an almost infallible interpreter to her husband of the real attitude and feeling of a people towards him—as a barometer reveals the changes in the atmosphere. And while her history is likely to remain unwritten and unsung, much of her husband's success should be accorded to her. And so it would doubtless come to pass if the story of these twelve happy, fruitful years at St. Charles were to be written, very much would be rightly apportioned to Mrs. Savage.

Her social gifts, her winsome manner, her wise, guarded speech, her clear convictions of duty, her quiet firmness of purpose when the way seemed clear to her, her self-poise, her careful frugality, her hospitable spirit, which made her house the home of transient ministers, her gentleness and kindness of heart, her close identity of aim with her husband in the great work of saving those who were perishing—how these and kindred qualities must have won upon the hearts and influenced the lives of that people! What a center of light and power must have been that modest home missionary's dwelling

presided over by such a gentle and loving spirit! And ever since her husband came into larger and wider relations with Christian work and made his home in this city, her influence has been going out through these more extended channels of usefulness. How many graduates of our seminary there are who will remember her with deep gratitude, for her words of helpfulness and cheer.

The New England church, with which she has been identified for almost a quarter of a century, will embalm her memory. Her monument is here in our hearts. What department of our work can be mentioned that has not felt her quickening touch and power? Her presence in all our gatherings, Sabbath and week-day, religious and social, has been constant and inspiring. Her enforced absence, during these last months, has been deeply felt. Her place has not been filled. There is now a vacancy which will be permanent. Her presence in our homes has been a joy. Her counsels and suggestions in ladies' missionary and other circles have been most valuable. We shall miss her everywhere. "We sorrow most of all because we shall see her face "no more"—a face radiant with light and life and joy. But the fineness of fibre which entered into the make of this character became most apparent, as is often the case, in the sick-room, during the seven months of almost constant suffering.

## PERFECTED THROUGH SUFFERING.

The old martyr hymn contains a truth applicable to many of God's purest souls.

“ His life amid the flame out-sent  
A music strong and sweet,  
Like some unearthly instrument  
That's played upon by heat.

As spice-wood, tough, laid on the coals,  
Sets all the perfume free ;  
The incense of his hardy soul  
Rose up exceedingly.

To open that great flower, too cold  
Were vernal shower and rain ;  
But fire has forced it to unfold,  
Nor will it shut again.”

In the fiery furnace of pain the flower of this life unfolded in fullest beauty and fragrance. The faith, the patience, the cheerfulness, the submissiveness, the freedom from complaint, the total and habitual acquiescence in God's will, the steady purpose to lie still and trustful in His hands—how beautifully and continuously these Christian graces were illustrated by Mrs. Savage, they only can know who were privileged to be much in that chamber thus hallowed by suffering !

It was the ante-chamber of heaven, and at length the door has swung open and she has entered into rest. So clarified and chastened had the body become in this fiery crucible that it seemed almost ethereal when the pure spirit took its flight.

“Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.”

We are permitted to contemplate to-day a Christian life and a Christian death, and to observe the harmony between the two. “For me to live is Christ and to die is gain.” It is blessed to think of the unbroken continuity of such a life. Right on it moves without a moment’s interruption, from pain to pain’s surcease, from shadow to sunlight, from limitation to freedom; from weakness to everlasting strength, satisfied in His likeness. And so our brother, whose heart is tremulous with grief this morning, will find the lonely way along which his Heavenly Father appoints him to walk, cheered and brightened by a great memory and a great hope—the memory of forty years of blessed companionship in Christian toil with the wife of his youth, the memory of mutual labors and sufferings and joys that have enriched the years, the memory of a life beautifully lived and beautifully ended here to be continued above; and the hope of a blessed reunion, by and by, with her and all the loved ones who have fallen asleep in Jesus, in that bright world where



there is fullness of joy, and at His right hand where  
there are pleasures for evermore.

Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
Take this new treasure to thy trust;  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful slumber here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept: God's dying son  
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed:  
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne  
The morning break and pierce the shade.

Break from His throne, illustrious morn:  
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word:  
Restore thy trust: a glorious form  
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord.



## Addenda.

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URING the long and painful illness of Mrs. Savage, she was the recipient of many personal notes and tokens of thoughtful and loving sympathy and regard from the ladies of the New England Church, and other friends, which greatly cheered the tedium of her exclusion from active service, and the privileges of social intercourse. They brought sunshine and comfort into her chamber of sickness and helped her patiently and uncomplainingly to suffer the Master's will. Among these was the following communication from the Woman's Missionary Society of the New England Church, received a few weeks before her death:

"DEAR MRS. SAVAGE: An impulse of love and sympathy sends our thoughts from this annual meeting of our Missionary Society where, for so many years, we have been accustomed to see you among us, to the quiet chamber in which you have been leading a life apart from ours. You have been often assured, but let us to-day repeat the

assurance of the earnest wishes and fervent prayers with which we, as your affectionate sisters in the church, commend you constantly in your long-continued suffering and weakness to the loving care of One whose tender mercy has never been known to fail His trusting children. We know that your prayers, while you have strength to pray, will be joined with ours for the full success of this cause of missions, for you have given evidence that it is near your heart. And we would thank you to-day for your constant support of our beloved society ; your constancy in attendance at our meetings ; your co-operation by counsel and by gifts, and a memory comes to us that will ever be cherished of spiritual impulse received from your words and prayers, not only while you were our presiding officer, but through all the years of our companionship. We pray that it may be consistent with our Father's will that this sweet companionship of service for Him on earth may again be granted. And we trustfully and lovingly commend you in your suffering and weakness to Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask, or even think.

Yours, in the loving service of our Lord.

*In behalf of the New England Church*

*Woman's Missionary Society,*

MARY E. BLATCHFORD.



